



# A Game of Death



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## Chapter 1 by N A Santiago

As she dashes through the countless hallways, she again hears that un-human, high-pitched sound becoming louder and closer. With the reeking stench of blood and bodily fluids and parts becoming more strong as the game went on. While the somber thought of *it* catching and making her the newest corpse wasn't too far to reality. Just like it took Kyle, Justin...; Everybody.

## Chapter 2 by Audrey



As she runs, she remembers the people that were lost to this thing, this beast. Her friends, gone. Her family, gone. All for a sport. All for some game, thought up as something to make time go faster, make time seem to slip away. That's the thing with humans: we don't stop and think about others. We only worry for ourselves, our greedy selves.

She thinks about the beast killing Justin. All the blood. The beast ate him, Justin, in hopes of quenching its hunger and thirst for blood. But this beast would never stop. Not until it dropped dead.

A small part of her felt sorry, a tiny part, for the beast. The monster would never see outside its confined walls, forever trapped in this endless game.

## Chapter 3 by PimpFreud



Julia scraped past an abrasive wall, leaving a neat line of blood on the cracked brick surface. She swore beneath her breath as she turned the corner, for she knew that any hint of her scent, especially that of her blood, would allow the creature to trace her down more effectively. "Stop

the bleeding. Cauterise the wound," she thought in a panic. She was underground in the ancient subway tunnels of the once great London. Now nothing more than a decrepit basement maze.

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She needed to get out since the compact subterranean spaces would only help concentrate the smell of her sweat and blood, and increase her chance of being found, and her likelihood of being torn into shredded gore. "42nd Street, Bryant Park, that's it," she said, following the continually fading light of her dynamo flashlight. She ran up the stairs, past the flickering ghostly holograms who would still try to vend strange items that only the dead knew of. She continued, running, running past the remnants of a rotting civilisation.

For here, in this brave new world of materialism and greed, the vanity of our species reached its zenith. With vanity came corruption, and with corruption came a tide of apathy, which infected those in seats of power. Those born in the 'lesser' were gentrified to the lower chasms where the old cities once stood. "Only pleasure, only entertainment, only you" repeated one of the female holograms cordially, with a disturbing glitched smile. Julia's small figure burst through the wooden door, which signaled her escape to the roadways; around her stood giant pillars that stretched for hundreds of meters above the old skyline, and who would, with a rhythmic consistency, gulp pulses of red light from deep within the Earth toward a seemingly endless ceiling of pipes, metal and wire.

She once again heard it, the frightening screech of that creature, slithering over the bones of its victims, in a ruthless Sisyphean pursuit for her death. Her legs began to falter, as the muscles screamed for rest but where could she go?

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